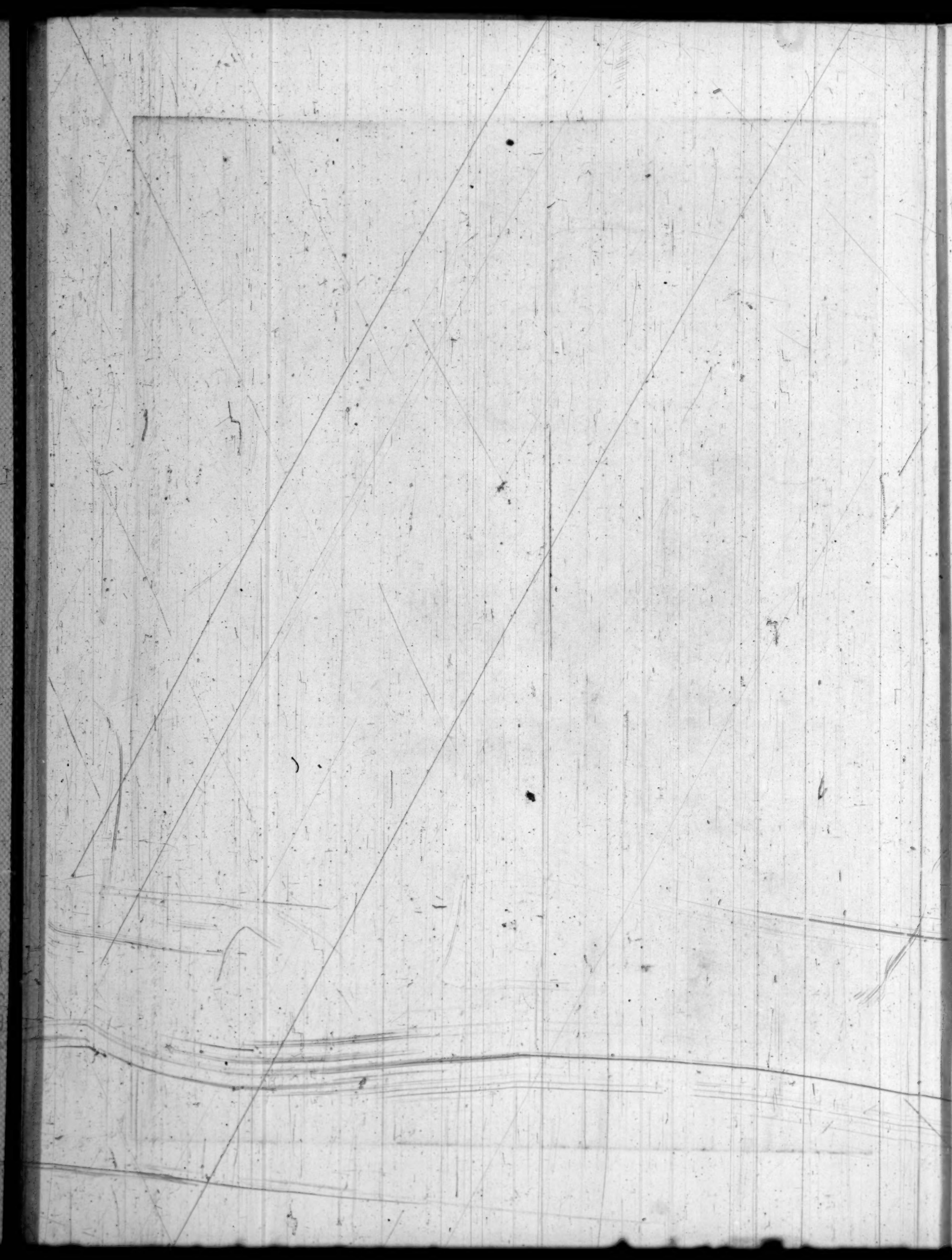


# ACOMMEMO-

ration of the Right Noble and  
*vertuous Ladye*, Margrit Duglasis  
good grace, Countis of Lennor,  
Daughter to the renowned and most excel-  
lent Princeesse Margrit, Queene of Scotland, espow-  
sed to King James the fourth, of that name: In the  
daies of her most puissaunt and magnificent  
Father Henry the seauenth, of England,  
Fraunce and Ireland King:

(:.)

Wherin is rehearsed hir godly life, her constan-  
cy and perfit pacience, in time of infortune her God-  
ly end, & last farewel, taken of al Noble estates at the  
howse of her death. The ninth day of March. 1577. At  
her house of Hackney in the Countie of Middlesex: And  
now lyeth entered the thyrty of April, in the Chap-  
pel of King Henry the seauenth her worthy  
Grandfather. 1578. And Anno. 20. of  
our Soueraigne Lady Queene  
Elizabeth, by Gods permissi-  
on of England, Fraunce  
and Irelande  
Queene. &c.





¶ To all Right Noble, Honorable,  
*Godlye and Worshipfull Ladyes*, Iohn

Phillip wisheth the feare of God, prosperi-  
tie and peace in Iesus Christ.

(.:.)



*Ight Honorable and*

vertuous Ladyes, when flourish-  
ing Ver had banished the bytter  
stormes of Hyems, and geuen Flora  
liberty with her gallant mantle of  
greene to garnishe the whole face  
of the earth: I was drawne by  
desire throughly to consider the  
sundry pleasures, and diuerse  
commodities that she most curti-  
ously presented to worldly inhabi-  
tauntes, and finding occasion  
fyt for my purpose, I tooke my  
waye for my repast into the  
fieldes, where I found the barren  
ground fruitfull, proffering  
foorth plentifullye her increase,  
and the naked trees fullye  
polished and couered with  
leaues: in the braunches wherof  
the chirping birdes, the more  
to augment my solace, rendered  
foorth their well tuned concords,  
the siltye Larke mounting aloft  
towards the firmamente, rendered  
foorth his rattling noates of ioye,  
the Thrustle coake, the Mauice,  
and euery byrde in his kinde  
observed his proper and comely  
harmony. And thus as on rapt or  
rauisht with ioye, Syr Phæbus  
with his trampling steedes

A.ii.

rainging

## *The Epistle Dedicatorye.*

rainging through the Chrystaline skies, in the Charit of Phaeton, making his ascent to the top of the hiest Spyhre, I was constrained partly through wearinesse, and partly the heate of the daye increasing, to sit me down vnder a Betch tree, the braunches whereof semed a Fortresse to shielde me from the partching gleames of tryumphing Tytan : But as my glauncing eyes beganne to suruaye the nature and effectes of gallaunt Aestas, so also did I call to memory how Boreas buftering blastes and Hyems hoarye froastes, conuerted those present pleasures that Ver brought forth, to nothing, and in fine defaced them as though they had not bene: so that both those seasons I gathered did presayg vnto me the ficklenesse of our coursfing tyme and the shortnesse of our transitory dayes, the flowrishing flowers which long had bin throwded in the bowels of the earth, beganne not onelye to prognosticate to me our estates lyuing her in iollitie: But also set forth aptlye in theyr kindes, howe and whereto we were subiected, the pollished trees serued as a scoolemayster, to publishe vnto mee, our hard and heauy hazardes in this terrestriall vale of mysery and immortalitye, the lesson that by them I learned was worthy to be considered : For the marke they had me ame at was Death, and yet after Death, as they through the sweete deawes and sauory showers, did florish and prosper againe after they were wythered away: so also gaue they intelligence to me, that disspight of death and graue by the myghty prouidence of G O D, all creatures should arise from theyr slumber



## *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

ber and come before the trybunall seate of the almighty, where the faythful should be rewarded with eternall lyfe, and the vnbeleeuing recompenced with endlesse torments. But as I sat discoursing these causes, Sol hasting with speedinesse towards the Occident, Tyme gaue me charge to repayre towards my lodging, whiche attayned : I entred into my former Muse, and tooke my penne in hand, mynding to haue written some Pamphlet in these my former discourses. But loe, contrary to my expectation, Mercury the messenger of Iubiter, arested myne eyes with Sopor.

In which season Morpheius, (as it were in a vision) set before myne eyes to my thinking a very pytfull spectacle : For there appeared vnto me a Noble Lady compassed with care, pursued by dolour, shoared vp with perfyte patience amidst her extremities, and lastly so supported with trueth, that payning her infortunes which seemed in shoe incredible, and therewithall her constancye in sufferinge calamities, I could not but wonder, on while I lamented her estate, another while I triumphed in her. Whose patience as a Bulwarke was readye to beare the brunts of fickle Fortune, thus one while drowned in griefe, and est againe comforted by hoape, at laste I waked, and looking behinde me: I beheld me thought the personages present, with whome in my slumber before, I had beene acquainted, and therewith all the trueth began to speake vnto me, perswading me first to set aside all feare, and to marke sith I had purposed to writ some matter concerning the mutabili-

ties

## *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

ties of the tyme, what that Noble Ladye would discourse vnto me: For that she had felte in this lyfe the fulnesse of Fortunes fallaces, to whose heastes I gaue my selfe willinglye, rather encouraged (good Ladyes) by the trueth, then settling vpon mine owne skill, to take so waighy an attempt in hand, and thus she began her tale as followeth, which as her freendlye and faythfull farewell, is rendred into your hands that feare G O D, lead your lyues loyally, and are louers of virtue, whose reward in this lyfe is honor, and after the graue to the vtter foyle of Death, eternall fame, and the rich and glorious kingdome purchased by Christ at the last day.

The which place, God of his infinite bounty and goodnesse,  
for his anointed Sons  
sake graunt  
you.

*Vestræ salutis dignitatisq; studiosissimus I. Phillippus. Regini Cantabrigiensis Collegij Alumnus.*



**Faultes escaped in the Printing.**

**The fourth Page, the third stafe, the forth line  
for the eight Henrye of fame, reade, a Prince  
of fame.**

**The sixt page the first stafe, the third linne, our  
substance is death, reade, our substance is earth.**

**The sixteene page the third line and third stafe  
for to coast for vnitie, reade, no coast for vnitie.**

**The nineteene page, the last verse, fourth line,  
for, were borne him to obay, read were bound  
him to obay.**

## *The Epistle Dedicatorie.*

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**A freendly Farewell geuen to  
Honorable and vertuouse  
Ladys.**

**G**ood Ladies al your listning eares I craue,  
Till time my tale be fully brought to end:  
Though y my corps be subiect to the grane,  
Yet vouch awhile to heare your saythful freend.  
To you these lines for my farewell I sende,  
Accept them then, and reade them for my sake,  
And of my name, a new memoziell make.

I neede not shew to you my blond and byrb,  
For parentage deseruing high renowne:  
That thing was knowne whilst I enioyd y earth  
though now of late Parchas hath cut me downe.  
Henry the seauenth that ware the royall crowne,  
Of England, was my Grandfather most deare,  
As plaine by prose Historians witnessse beare.

My Grandam hight, Elizabethes good grace,  
And eldest Daughter was, as is well knowne:  
Unto a perelesse Prince, of royall race,  
whose woorthy facts throught out the world was bloun.  
Of England he atteind the kingly throane,  
Edward the fourth even so was clypt hisname,  
And Henry the seauenth espoused this noble dame.

The knot thus knit to Brittaines lasting loy,  
The house of Yorke and Lancaster was one:  
Where discorde erst, did commons hartes annoy,  
None now had place, and they smale cause to mone.  
A blast of blisse in euery place was bloune,  
For perfit peace, whyld enuy headlong downe.  
Whi that these States enioyed the regall Crowne.

**B. J.**

**Though**

## A freendly Farewell genen to

Though rebelles radge did kinde oft the bzand,  
Of dyze debate, ye moztall wars and strife:  
Yet did this Prince, with his out stretched band,  
Prepare to daunt, his foes with bloudy knife.  
As iust he was, so mercy was as rise,  
To all his actes, God gane so good increase,  
That by his meane England, possessed peace.

In wedlockes right to make the commons faine  
God on the earth did multiply his seede:  
He by his Quene eight Childzen did obtaine,  
which did his loyes and subiects heape indeede.  
His eldest Sonne that should the crowne succede  
He did conioyne in wedlock this is plaine,  
With Kathren Daughter to the king of Spaine.

Prince  
Arthur  
wedded to  
Kathren  
daughter  
to Fardis  
nando king  
of Spaine.

Who with her in that holy sacred state,  
Not full sixe monthes, enioyed vitall bzearth:  
Amydst his blyffe Ioue did cut short his fate,  
And in his youth his body bzought to earth.  
When time is come death waies not bloud ne; birth  
He strikes aswel the Prince that wers y crown,  
As he doth fatch the begger and the clown.

No giffes of goulde, no houldes no; yearely fee,  
Can cause him stape when God commaundes to strike,  
He seares no state, he spares no high degræ,  
The rich and poze to him are all alike.  
He doubtles not be the Champions push of picke,  
The strong and weake he makes full sone to bende,  
Its vaine alas with death fo; to contende.

The Prince cut off by dent of death thus wise,  
The Duke of Porke that noble Henry hight:  
Whose fame Report beares to the ozient skies,  
Proclaimed was of Wales the Prince by right.

Though



## Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

Though the fyrst Sonne were rest the Fathers sight,  
The second did King Henryes ioyes increase.  
Whose praise to vaunt the commons neuer cease.

My noble Mother then Margrit clipte by name,  
His eldest Daughter much he did delight:  
He sought hir wealth and high renowne to frame,  
And vnto James the fourth did her behight.  
Who ware the crowne of Scotland as his right,  
And she to him was spouse and crowned Queene.  
Such care for peace was in my Grandfathers sene.

And for myne Aunt the Lady Maries grace,  
His hart was bent beningly to prouide:  
Twixt Christian Realmes he sought sound lone to place,  
The fruites whereof myght discoyd thrust aside.  
Fyue of his Childzen here befoze him dide,  
And with the last my Grandams daies did ende,  
And after sone the King to death did bende.

Thus tyme worne out there can remaine no staye,  
For sicknesse health este sonnes we see doth wound:  
It strength consumes, and beauty weares away.  
And last comes death to dyne vs to the ground.  
From earth we came and earth a meane hath found,  
To claime her own, from whome, when death hath don,  
No meane is left for vs to start or ronne.

No Potestate, no Caizer, no Prince nor King,  
No Duke, no Marquis, earle nor Lozde be bould:  
Of dyeadfull death can scape the bitter sting,  
When God appoyntes all flesh must turne to mould.  
He stricke the young, he tames the aged ould,  
The Misers mocke can not his life prolong.  
When God decrees, death forth to stricke must thyoung

## A freendly Farewell geien to

The wise mans skill, noꝛ cunning cannot serue,  
When death doth come his sauegarde to procure:  
He from the heastes of loue will no time swarue,  
The sole and wise, of death may be most sure.  
Then worldly wightes whilst here you do indure,  
Know life to death is subiect every howe,  
Whose stroake to shun no creature hath the power.

Henry the seauenth his Quene and children syue,  
Resining life as her by me is fouldre:  
Henry the eyght as king remaind aliuie,  
Whose praise of right ought soꝛ to be enroule.  
And regestred by fame, in letters wꝛit of gouldre  
That all estates may know and vnderstand,  
How nobly he did gouerne this land.

Quene Margrit my mother did then remaine,  
In Skotland with the king, Iames, clipt by name:  
But the Lady Marie I must be plaine,  
Abode with the eight Henry, of fame. *A printed*  
He sought of her estate the wealth soꝛ to frame,  
And minding each tide her name to aduance,  
He married his sister, to the king of Fraunce.

The spotwals solempnist, with ioy and with glæ,  
In Parris mine Aunt was crowned the Quene:  
But king Iamy the fourth did sone decreæ,  
To enuy king Henry as well it is sene.  
The read Roase that flourished with leaues full græne,  
He sought to extirpe and pluck vp by rote,  
But sone his vaine hoape was trod vnder fote.

The Quene my mother of curtesie flower,  
Would oft on hyꝛ knes, perswade with his grace:  
To stay from his purpose and leuie no power,  
The boꝛders of Bꝛittane to spoy le and deface.

She



## Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

He could not p̄enaile, he would follow the chase  
His stomack found sturdy, would nothing relent.  
He rained all heedlesse, to pine and to detriment.

Thus reason made subiect vnto his wil,  
He sought to enlarge his pine and his paine:  
But a p̄ince to be ruled by his owne skill  
Can not secure no; safe long time remaine.  
All goeth to wrack where men good counsell disdainde,  
Rashnesse brings peril and daunger ten fould,  
(But wisdome makes p̄inces alwaies extould.

To great was the folly of king Iames be you sure.  
Whose arrogant hart and aspiring minde:  
His spoile and decay in time did procure,  
So list ambition his senses make blind.  
To Henry the eight, he waxed unkinde,  
And sought the seedes of discorde dire to solve:  
Where friendship and faith, of right ought to growe.

His furie increasing an host he prepared,  
His rage founde restless, reuenge did desyre:  
Yet when he thought least, with thall he was snared,  
And supt by the dregs of his conceiued yre.  
Presumption, reuenge both alwaies require,  
The greater the gilt, the scourge sharper found,  
For Justice the vniust whirles still to the ground.

My Uncle King Henry the eight of that name,  
Beholding of Iames, the surquedie and pride:  
Assembled his power this p̄ince for to tame,  
Whose folly a rod for him selfe did prouide.  
At Bramstone this battell should manly be tryde,  
In which as God would king Iamy was slaine,  
His Army disperst and Skots put to paine.

## A freendly Farewell geuen to

Lo this was the fine of this abusion,  
Here enuye was planged accoꝝding desert:  
His vnkind dealing wrought his confusion,  
His to fond boldnesse through pearced his hart.  
Temeritie was cause of his spoyle and his smart,  
His guerdon was death and losse of renowne,  
For God the proud hart both dayly cast downe.

The Quæne my Mother then hearing these newes,  
The kings infortune did greatly lament,  
She mourned that she did counsell refuse.  
And with his estate would not be content,  
But such is the ende of those that be bent,  
To per seuer in pride mischiese and ill,  
Shame is the reward of folish fond will.

*James the  
fift, Sonne  
and heire  
to kinge  
James the  
fourth.*

In Skotland my carefull Quæne mother I leave,  
To take the garde of king Iames her young sonne:  
And to fraunce my tale tendes ye may perceiue,  
With the Quæne mine Aunt I haue not yet donne.  
The threed of life that Lachasis had sponne,  
Atropos prest forth in sunder to share,  
Of her husband the king, to dye we bozne are.

All flesh is grasse and doth wither away,  
Euen as the flower that doth partch with the sunne,  
No Whisick can serue our lyues for to stave,  
When the clockes past and the hower full runne.  
By death to all ioytes, Gods will must be donne,  
But how, or when, no moꝝtall man doth knowe,  
He yet in what sorte death will bzing him lowe.

Some by long sicknesse theyꝝ lyues do resigne,  
Some with the swoꝝde are constrained to dye:  
And some by famine to earth do incline,  
And some in the floudes deepe dꝛentched do lye.

*Some*



## Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

Some by the lawes from death cannot flye,  
Subject to miseries we are on the earth,  
And certaine to dye even from our syt byt.

No charter of life is graunted to man,  
Our time is but short our dayes are not long:  
Our substance is death and do what we can,  
To earth we shall tourne be we neuer so strong.  
Let vs not thinke then that death doth vs wrong,  
When, or in what sort, he shall vs arrest,  
No, let vs be ready to welcome this guest.

Consider that time runnes on without stay,  
If he once passe by, he will not turne back:  
And as the time fades mans dayes weare away,  
For the Web of this lyfe, runnes still vnto wack.  
In time kepe watch then, least death the house sack,  
For such as liue carelesse glozping in sinne,  
Seek to themselves destruction to winne.

Quene Mary mine Aunt a widdowe now left,  
And so was my Mother of Skotland the Quene:  
They, Princes by death both from them bereft,  
A cause of care in each of them was seene.  
Myne Uncle king Henry, whose fame lasteth greene,  
Did comfort them both in their great distresse,  
As one well content they, cares to redresse.

Quene Mary myne Aunt his sister moast deare,  
He sent for agen to come into England:  
And wedded she was to a noble Piere,  
Of Sulfolke the Duke, named Charles Brandon.  
To him she byhight her hart and her hande,  
And God on the earth they, sate did increase,  
Who gaue them prosperity, plenty and peace.

## A freendly Farewell geuen to

My Mother in Skotland vnknowne to the king,  
Dio enter the knot of wedlocke againe:  
With Lord Archimball Douglas consider this thing,  
Of Angus the Earle, as knowne it is plaine,  
Unruly the Skotes as then did remaine,  
For which cause the Queene to England her toke,  
And Scotland awhile she left and forsooke.

The king her brother of loue most intire,  
At Harbotell Castell her harbour appointed:  
Where and in which place sit to know ye desyre,  
I was borne of my mother a Quene anointed.  
And at the fountsoone, as the Prince appoynted,  
Margrit I was clipt this is most true,  
As you that list search in Cronacles may view.

In youth I was trained, to vertue and grace,  
In age I hild that in youth I did learne:  
In fapth and Gods feare I ran on my race,  
Obedience and trueth I helde as chiefe sterne,  
No lightnesse in me could any discerne,  
My hart and my hand to do good was bent,  
And wisdom to learne I was well content.

But such is the time and date of our dayes,  
That lyfe cannot last as flesh doth require:  
Though pleasure doth graunt to garnish our wayes,  
And Fortune accorde to content our desyre.  
Yet when we thinke least, to death we are nyere,  
Our musick hath ende our pleasure doth fade,  
Our pomp as nothing in moment is made.

Our eyes that delight the courser to view,  
Are dayled of trueth in taking abjecth:  
Though knightes at the tyst our ioyes do renew,  
Yet both we and they shall turne vnto earth.



## Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

No marriall Captaine can once conquer death,  
He feares no armour no2 yet barbed steele,  
The conquest to death belongeth indeale.

It is neyther fare no2 costly attyre,  
Dutches moast rich no2 Jewels woorthye price:  
No, mountaines of gould may death no time byre,  
No, beauty to saue you can him once intice.  
When hunt after vertue, learne to loath vice,  
For vertue though death cut all degrees downe,  
With manger the graue purchase renowne.

My mother the Quene, king Iamies true wife,  
A Ruler of Skotland from death could not flye:  
Quene Mary of Fraunce, myne Aunt lost her lyfe,  
You see death both kingdomes and Monarkes defy.  
He will not be parciall, no state he sets by,  
The'cle Angus my ffather did bow to the ground,  
And so did my brother the king of Skots cround.

My parents bereft me, and also myne Aunt,  
My brother and kinssolke to myne annoy:  
Yet list myne Uncle the eight Henry graunt,  
A meane distressed to bring me to ioy.  
To call me to Court his grace was not coy,  
With Maries god grace his daughter by right,  
My come to alot his highnesse did delight.

And after in tyme when God did decree,  
Elizabeths grace to the world to bring:  
Myne Uncle her ffather so tendered me,  
That with her in the Court I had my chiefe being.  
So dærely loued me Henry the eight King,  
Whose bounty and kindnesse I may not forget  
That by me his Pece so greatly did set.

C.i.

*James the  
fifte bro-  
ther to the  
noble lady  
Margaret  
Douglas.*

*The Lady  
Maries  
grace and  
Elizabeth  
daughters  
to King  
Henry the  
eight Cousin  
germaines  
to the La-  
dy Dougl-  
fis good  
grace.*

## A freendly Farewell genen to

In Court I was lyked and loued of all,  
 At vertue I laboured still for to ayme:  
 To losenesse of lyfe I was neuer found thall,  
 My wordes on wisdome I sought for to frame,  
 By meanes whereof I purchased fame  
 But when I thought lesse to grieve I was thall,  
 From reason, by loue, to soone I did fall.

*A contract  
 betwixt  
 the Lady  
 Margarit  
 Douglas  
 grace, and  
 Lord Tho-  
 mas How-  
 ard young-  
 est sonne to  
 the Duke  
 of norfolke  
 who were  
 therefore  
 sent to the  
 Tower.*

Unknowen to the king my Uncle most deare,  
 My fayth to Lorde Thomas Howard I plight:  
 Most trusty to me his troath did appeare,  
 But fortune her fawning list chaunge vnto spight.  
 Our loue she redrest, into the kings sight,  
 Who for our offence to the Tower vs sent,  
 Where much our infortunes we both did lament.

*† The lord  
 Thomas  
 did synish  
 his life in  
 the tower.  
 † The lady  
 Margarit  
 grace par-  
 doned and  
 restored to  
 the Kinges  
 fauour.*

I mourned that I by Phansie was led,  
 And yet from my loue I could not recople:  
 The Princes displeasure, my cause of care bred,  
 But trew loue sought still my dolours to soyle.  
 But loue of, my loue prepared the spople,  
 † And he in the Tower did finishe his lyfe,  
 To whome by contract I had vowed my selfe wife.  
 His death with my teares I did often lament,  
 Myne Uncles displeasure did grieue me as much:  
 Yet Patience gaue charge I should be content,  
 She in my distresse with hoape did me tutch.  
 And though fortune did against my blisse grutch,  
 Yet hoape at the last her hate did restraine,  
 And to the kinges fauour did bying me againe.  
 \* My faulte he remitted and toke me to grace,  
 My bondage was past, my hoape, freedom won:  
 Yet when of my Lorde I considered the case,  
 And how for my loue his lyfe was vndon.



## Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

I wept the young wight, the Duke Norfolkes Sonne,  
That for my loue did, his lyfe in bondes paye,  
And yelded his corpes, to slumber in claye.

To banish my cares and my blisse to augment,  
Wherle Lennox for me the king did prouide:  
To whose heast of trueth, I gaue my consent,  
Euen he was my spowse, and I his true byrde.  
Unto my Lorde, stedfast my sayth was tryde,  
By whome in wedlocke eyght Chyldren I had,  
Our cares to diminish and make our hartes glad.

But death vnto lyfe sound dayly a foe,  
Six of our Chyldren away from vs hent,  
In tender youth he layed them downe lowe,  
Whose losse with teares we much did lament.  
But yet with Gods will we stode well content,  
Whose diuine working we could not withstande  
Who maketh and killeth in turning a hande.

But anew t'inlarge our myrth and our glorie  
A Prince, to the king myne Uncle he sent:  
And Edward the first then named was he,  
Whose byrth of the commons, the ioyes did augment.  
But after (alas) dire death from me hent,  
The king mine Uncle a Prince worthy fame  
Whose actes through the world reuiucth his name.

No meruaile it was though then I were woe,  
My griefes did increasc, my playntes did abound:  
And with me all England, they sobes did beflowe,  
To waile for his want moast highly renounde.  
To frenchmen and Skots, a scourge he was founde,  
Their Bulwarkes he ract and sackt many houlde,  
Yet Manger his myght, death sent him to moule.

*The earle  
Lennox  
espoused to  
the Ladye  
Margarie  
Duglass  
grace.*

*Henrye  
Lorde  
Darley  
and Char-  
les left as  
line,*

## A freendly Farewell genen to

A Mars he was named such was his power,  
He gloried in fight to vaunt sword and shield:  
With thump of Canon, he sackt many tower,  
He with fire and sword his foes forced to yeld,  
Not Hector could gayne more honoꝝ in fielde,  
Then Henry the eight in battell hath wone,  
Yet death to the graue constrained him to ronne.

Thus here you may see that death is the wight,  
That neyther spares king, Kaiser noꝝ Prince:  
He will not be hyed death all doth smyght,  
The Conqueror he dreads not to conuince.  
He fauours no towne, he cares foꝝ no Province,  
No Canon can scare him of this be you bould,  
Death stricketh all states they must turne vnto mould,

King Ed. The death of the kinge the Commons did graue,  
ward the Pet did his sode they solace swete increase:  
sixt Cosen King Edward the syrt they cares did relaxe,  
germain to Who planted in England tranquillitie and peace.  
the noble Of Scotland he gan the rage foꝝ to cease,  
Ladye And calmed the brages of the hardy vniust,  
Margarit To whose smoth tongue he had smale cause to trust.  
Duglass  
good grace King Edward the syrt enioying the Crowne,  
Was cut downe by death in his tender yeares:  
Whose name yet liueth deseruing renowne,  
Report to the Clowdes his prayes pure reares.  
His losse to Brittain procured salt teares,  
Bewayled he was in poꝝte and in towne,  
Cre seauen yeares were past death cut him downe.

Sone after him then Quene Mary did succede,  
The Scepter and sword came to her hande:  
To cut her downe also death doubtlesse decred,  
When she not sixe yeares had ruled this lande.

Before



## Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

Before those Princes I constant did stande,  
My trueth vnblemisht I saythfull was found,  
Obedience and trueth was my chiefest ground.

Quene Mary disceast, to Englands great ioy,  
Elizabeths grace attained the crowne:  
Who laboured her subiects to shilde from anoy,  
Gods trueth she aduancst, and falsehood put downe.  
Through Europ is blownen her highnesse renowne,  
Whose flowing fame brauncheth lyke tholiue greene  
Tryumph you Brittaines in your royall Quene.

For since that Brutus this Land did atchiene,  
Her lycke hath not borne of this be you bouldre:  
For wisdom a Saba your blisse to renine,  
You all do possesse, then let be extoulde.  
Her vertue to skies let each tongue vnfoulde,  
The praise of this Quene (a Princesse of peace)  
Who seekes of the commons the ioyes to increase.

Like Iudeth she sittes with sword in her hande,  
To daunt Holophernus and beate downe his pynde:  
By her, the three graces continue and stande,  
About her princely seate, Sibelles abide.  
Such fate list Ioue for this your Quene provide  
The Muses nine, with hyr god grace to dwell  
For prudent skyll, your Princes doth excell.

With in her brest Justice a place hath pyght,  
And in her mercy welds the supreme sway:  
The poore opprest, to helpe she doth delight,  
Her hand is prest to shild them from decay.  
To al the frutes of loue, she doth display,  
Her eares attend to heare each subiects wrong,  
Lyke Saba she her subiectes rules among.

## A freendly Farewell geuen to

The sacred Simph that noble Vesta bight,  
Within her bower, accompanies this Quene:  
Like Phebus rayes, her gloype glisters bright,  
Adoyned she sits with Lawfull lasting graine,  
Pernassus mount to scale this Prince is sane,  
Of Helicon that Riuier running clare,  
To taste her fill our Pandra hath desyre.

The scepter she, like sad Cassandra swaies,  
Corinna like, augmentes her learned skill:  
Then Triton see, in haste thou take thy wayes,  
To spred her fame with taunting trumpet shrill,  
Extoll our Quene of God be loued still,  
Whose word and will, dispight of Chacus yre,  
She, to defende hath settled true desyre.

Her countreyes weale, to worke her hart is bent,  
Haute Hydrais head, she hath cut of indebe:  
Each Minataure, by skill she doth pzeuent,  
That in her soyle, of strife would sow the seede.  
The wolfe she quailles, the lambe she seekes to feede,  
With pleasant mylke, and honey passing pure,  
God graunt on earth her grace may long indure.

Whose blessed dayes all faythfull hartes assent,  
On bended knees of ruling loue to craue:  
With all your powers let hartes and tongus consent,  
To pray to God this ruling roase to saue.  
Thyse Nestors peares, wish that her grace may haue,  
And as her loue, to God is faythfull sane,  
So pray, alway, that God may shielde our Quene.

In court, my lyfe, with soueraine mind I lead,  
To whom my fayth, most loyall I be bight:  
When I thought least, a cause of care was bread,  
To banish blisse, and thrust my ioyes to flight.



## Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

I felt the force, of cruell ffortunes spight,  
A web of woe, she taught my handes to weane,  
As by my tale, ye shall anon perceaue.

Myne eldest Sonne, Lord Darly, namd of right,  
From England went, to Skotland this is plaine:  
Mary the Quene, his presence did delight  
And for him did, of Skotland rule ordaine.  
Wedded they were, and he they king did raine  
And God on the earth to maintaine they peace,  
Did geue them a Prince, their ioyes to increace.

The Quene of England, Elizabethes grace,  
And Charles, of Fraunce the king this is plaine:  
Did baptise the Prince this is a plaine case,  
Against which season, I lyst not to faine.  
Our royall Quene certes a fount did ordaine  
Of fine pure goulde, most cunningly wrought,  
Loue to establish, she in this sozte sought.

Charles Iames, this Prince, at the fount they then named  
Whose byrth to my state did yelde some delight:  
But ffortune afresh, my new sorrow framed,  
My honey with gall, she sauct through her spight.  
The king my Sonne a wise worthy wight,  
(Alack) my tongue sayntes, the sequell to shoe,  
Without his desert did purchase a foe.

Where he did most trust his trust him deceiued,  
For trecherous treason did compasse him rounde:  
His hoape as haplesse, of blisse him bereaued,  
And canselesse ingratitude, gan him to wounde.  
The guiltlesse to harne, deccit a meane found,  
Flattery bewitght him, some Skots were untrue,  
And credit to light, to late made him rue.

Henry the  
Lord dar-  
ley went  
from Eng-  
land and  
was ma-  
ried to  
Marye  
Queene  
of Scotlad  
by whome  
he had a  
son, which  
Queene  
Elizabeth  
of england  
Fraunce  
& Ireland  
Queene, &  
the Kinge  
of Fraunce  
did baptise  
his name  
Charles  
Iames

**A freendly Farewell geuen to  
A straunger in Court incensst him to yze,  
Whose haughty contempt he could not abyde.  
But death in the Court remayned his hyze,  
As manifest rewarde to laye downe his pride,  
The slaughter of whome his lyfe dyd deuide,  
For where he most firmly sought safty to buyde,  
Most soonest of all my Sonne was beguilde:**

**Alas that treason should counteruayle troath,  
And salthood the cloke of frendship should vse:  
Alas that Rebelles should frustrate theyr oath,  
And sayth vnto God and Prince so refuse.  
At Glasco, (D place) thou makest me to muse,  
So noate what solace in thee was frequented,  
And yet what mischief false traitors inuented.**

**What banquetes most braue in thee were prepared,  
What Musick, what spozte, what triumph and ioy:  
no - So cost for vnitie alas there was spared,  
No boast of true frendship, no state was found coy.  
Those that most bragged wrought my Sonnes annoy,  
But as vnder honey gall often both lurke,  
So clocked craft (causelesse) agaynst him dyd worke.**

**The fowlers theyr nets in secreete had spread,  
The byrd to intrap (alas) all vntware:  
The bayght, was perill, whereon the fish fed,  
Although of pleasure he sometymes haue share.  
The hooke concealed both worke the fish care,  
Euen so dyd flattery, most craftely frame,  
The death of my Sonne king Henry by name.**

**By whose rufull fine let Princes take hede,  
How o2 on whome, they do settle theyr trust:  
Remember this prouerbe as true as the Cræde,  
For treason most fletcherous, raines in thuniast.**



## Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

To ground on flattery let them that will lust,  
Faire wordes and no deedes, at all they shall finde,  
Beware adulation make you not blinde.

But flatterers presume to reach to the Court,  
Cleo with Princes seekes to beare sway:  
The iust by flatteres oft times do take hurt,  
Note, flattery of Caesar wrought the decaye,  
Sy no that Gorgon his parte so did playe,  
That Troy by flattery was layde in dust,  
For trecherous treason consisteth in trust.

Thus flattery doth sacke Regions and Townes,  
Flattery bereaues man of lym and of lyfe:  
It spoileth Princes of theyr royall crownes,  
(A flatterer) glozieth in mischief and strife.  
In smoth tonges commonly deceit is found rife,  
Trust not such Syrens their hermonies hate,  
Least in Charibdis you drowne also late.

‡ As did king Henry who yielding to such,  
As smothly could cloake and couer theyr guile:  
Suffred hipocrisie his state for to touch,  
The p[ro]f[ess]e wherof, did broch treason vile.  
Obedience and loue, false rebelles erile,  
Their king they murthered (O woe, and alas,)  
How may I with teares his death overpas.

B But yet remember thou and thy trayne,  
O Offenders moast vile wicked and ill,  
D Doth God, not traytors hate and disdainc,  
VV We reade in his wrath destroye them he will.  
E Esteeme that his iustice lots them to spill,  
L Loke with thy consozts from the East to the West,  
Your guile is offended, God doth you detest.

D. J.

*A Caution  
for Princes  
and noble  
estates, by  
the spoile  
of Caesar to  
flie & hate  
smothe  
tongues  
that by the  
meanes of  
their fay-  
ned flatte-  
ries seeke  
the spoile  
of Princes  
& depolu-  
lation of  
countrys.*

‡ Henry  
King of  
Scots seduc-  
ed by flat-  
try, which  
wrought  
his causes  
confusion.

\* Bodwell  
author of  
the most  
cruell and  
& bloody

Your

## A freendly Farewell geuen to H

*slaughter.*

Your crime is to great your fadcs woorthy paine  
A scourge moast sharpe your sinne doth require:  
What subiects nay traitoꝝ their prince would haue slain,  
That dayly they: welfare sought to desyre,  
Correction moost sharpe your sinne doth require,  
In whome neither wisdomē noꝝ reason had place,  
O Caines moast cruell and people past grace.

But (ah) why do I erclame in this soꝛte,  
Oh silly woman too weake then art founde:  
To vanquish these rebbelles so rype t'ertort,  
Their Wyince in oft faythful that did on trueth ground.  
Bat rest the content though care do thee wound,  
Appeale ~~the~~ thou to God on him cast thy care  
who for the vniust his wꝛath doth pꝛepare.

Thus lingꝛing in woe my doloz increast,  
Dame Nature constraind me to rush swꝛth my teares.  
To sende swꝛth my sobbs I no time haue reast:  
The heauens of my cryes iust record still beares,  
The fadde of this slaughter blowne in myne cares,  
My cares made dubble I wayld day and night,  
Yet patience pure I plact in my sight.

But tyme at the last my cares did erile,  
And fortune prepard afresh for to smile:  
Her pleasant lookes did last but small while,  
Euen so list that dame of blisse me beguile.  
Some Skots continuing they: myschiese moast vile,  
Did yelde me to dꝛinke a cup of new care,  
Wherein of soꝛowe, I tasted my share.

My anguish was such as to beare was to great,  
Yet God was my guide on whome I did stave:  
Though fortune gan hardly me to intreate,  
Yet to God, by prayer I styll made my waye.

And



## Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

And though on my neck his scourge he did laye,  
I gladly did yelde his crosse for to beare,  
And hoapt at the last, the cloudes would way cleare.

The Earle Lennox my spouse, Lord Steward by name,  
In Skotland as regent did beare the sway:  
Under whose charge, the younge king too: thy fame,  
As his Protector and Conernor did stay.  
To uphold Justice he laboured night and day,  
The commons weale he sought still to procure,  
But no state of safegarde him selfe can assure.

At Starling, he ment, a Parliment to houlde,  
Wherunto the states resorted with glar:  
He sought that vertue myght still be extoulde,  
And labour there to place loue and vnitie.  
To him did accorde all the nobilitie,  
Save some most unkinde, that vertue did hate,  
The foes of theyr countrey, and regent my mate.

Hautinesse came on to march with his traine,  
A And treason the Ensigne and Standert did beare:  
Mischiefe made speede the innocent to paine,  
Bouldnesse stept vp his rancor to reare.  
Lust longed to haue the blood of my deare,  
E Envy prest on at vnitie to grudge,  
Treason in this case, presumed to be iudge.

O Order by fraud and contempt was trade dolune,  
V Vertue was quaild vice beare the sway:  
N None more prest, to blemish their Regentes renoune,  
Then they that of right, were borne him to obey.  
Early in the mo:ne, to his place they tooke way,  
His house they beset (O cause of great care)  
And entred the gates ere he was ware.

*The Earle  
Lennox  
Regent of  
Scotland,  
ment to  
hould a  
Parlament  
at Starling.*

*Humble-  
tous trea-  
cherous  
treasen.*

## A freendly Farewell geuen to

Thus traitors thzough treason my deere in his bed,  
 With violence did of trueth rounde beset:  
 The voyce of they; clamor amazed his bed,  
 The rage of these Rebels, he, ne might forget.  
 To weake was his force they; practise to let,  
 Yet kept he his chamber manger their pre,  
 Till they did thzeate, to consume him with fye.

Yet came he to parley befoze he did yelde,  
 To those (most sedicious) chafe authoers of strife:  
 Who promise they; regent from perrill to shielde,  
 And bowde by oathes, he should haue his lyfe.  
 But hard its to trust, where treason is ryfe,  
 Yet he to they; handes him selfe did commit,  
 Supposing that they from sayth would not flyt.

*Therle Le-  
 nox Regent  
 of Scotland  
 most trais-  
 terouslye  
 slaine in  
 the Towne  
 of Sterling  
 with ap-  
 stole.*

But they not waying, his estate no; renowne,  
 No; yet dreading God, that gouerns the skye:  
 With a pistole slew him in midst of the towne,  
 These Rebels, thus wise they; Regent made dye.  
 Faith was forsaken and nothing set by,  
 Thus treason bereft me of my Sonne and mate,  
 So froward lyst Lachas twist on my fate.  
 O people most peruerse stubborne and ill,  
 (O Rebels ruthlesse) and falsely forsworne:  
 What ment ye my Sonne, and husband to kill?  
 Would God I wish it, ye had neuer bene borne.  
 The death of your king first made me to mourne,  
 The spoyle of your regent, my cares makes duble.  
 Woe wo;th you Rebels, chafe cause of my trouble.

To heauen I appeale in this mortall lyfe,  
 For these great iniuries vnto me done:  
 To you that skorne peace and glozy in strife,  
 Gods vengauce in tyme, no doubt wyll be wone.

Thzough



## Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

Through Cuzor defame ſee that thou do rone,  
To publiſh the actes of theſe Skots vntrewe,  
That they; king and Regent, thus did ſubdew.

Thinke you good Ladyes care cut not my hart?  
Thinke you that theſe paines ranſackt not my beſt:  
Theſe marthers (God knowes) enlarged my ſmart,  
And made me to waile, when I ſhould take reſt.  
In bed, and at boꝛde, my plaintes were expreſt,  
My ſobs like larums to heauen I vp ſent,  
But patience perfoꝛce bad me be content.

At Hackney with me Lord Charles did abyde,  
And wedded he was to a Lady full deare:  
By whome God foꝛ my comfort lyſt to pꝛouide,  
Young tender infant my hart foꝛ to cheare.  
Arbella was named, the young Lady ſayze,  
But death from me reſt her Father my Sonne,  
Whole loſſe to lament with teares I begonne.

Thus Fortune ſtill bent my ioyes to diminith,  
In this moꝛtal lyfe my cares did augment:  
But ſhortly after my tūrmoyles to finiſhe,  
Sickneſſe to ſack me by Gods will was ſent.  
To whome foꝛ to yelde me I was content,  
On God I did build my ſayth was moſt true,  
Whole ayde I required my fleſh to ſubdue.

Heauen was my hoape this world I did hate,  
Swete Chꝛiſt was the Rock on whome I did ground:  
His death was ſufficient I knew to abate,  
His Fathers diſpleaſure, and cure the wound.  
That Satan through ſinne, to make in man ſound,  
By his illuſion: the meane and high way,  
To ſpoyle vs of blyſſe and woꝛke our decay.

*Lord  
Charles  
married to  
the daugh-  
ter of the  
lady Sente  
lowe nowe  
Counteſſe of  
Sheriſbury  
who diſea-  
ſed at Hack-  
ney by who  
he had the  
Ladye  
Arbella.*

But

## Honorable and vertuous Ladies.

But Just was our God I cannot denye,  
Condemned we were for Adames offence:  
I know as iustice did lot vs to dye,  
So mercy most milde should be our defence.  
The seede of the woman a gem of excellence,  
Was graunted of loue the Serpent to foyle,  
As to reuine that sinne sought to spoyle.

Which seede was swete Christ, the Sonne of God sure,  
Who did for our sakes his essence imbace:  
His consepction was holy his byrth most pure,  
Such was the working of God by his grace.  
Gods sacred spirit considering our case,  
Did light on a Virgin by his diuine power,  
Of whome was begotten Christ our swete flower.

Flesh of her substance I knowe he did take,  
And for our sakes he became perfect man:  
Sinne onely except, and thus for to make,  
Our attonement with God of loue he began.  
He quailed the boast and power of Sathan,  
But as he was man marke well what I saye,  
He was also God, beleeue me ye maye.

For from his humanitie this thing is frew,  
His Godhead diuine was not inseperate:  
Christ God and man our welfare did renew,  
From death by his death the trueth to relate.  
He thoroughly beholding our wretched estate,  
Reduct vs from death and brought vs from hell,  
God graunt that in him we saythfull may dwell.

For he it is sure that hath done vs good,  
Not for deserts but of loue by his grace:  
Our sinnes are remitted in his dearest blood,  
Our guile is forgotten, and we in god case,



## A freendly Farewell geuen to

If firmly our hoape in heauen we do place.

If we on Chzist builde and settle our trust,

His merites are ours he will make vs iust.

In health and in sicknesse, I this did belceue,

And euen tyll that death did finish my dayes:

No paine nor yet Crosse could my sayth remeue,

For Chzist my swete Lorde his name I did praise.

Then learne God Ladyes to folloiw my wayes,

Hoape still for heauen this world is but vaine,

Let Chzist your comfort in your hartes remaine.

And vnto your Quæne be trusty and kinde,

Her statutes and lawes obserue and obay:

Her bounty I wish you to beare still in minde,

For whose secure state, to God do you pray.

Whose ptesence God sende you to the last day,

Then Brittaine shall prosper and flourish with fame,

That so it may be saye amen to the same.

My sicknesse increasing my strength gan to fayle,

No Physick could serue my health to restore:

For death against lyfe began to preuaile,

Such is the state of the rich and the poore.

Learne to be redy god Ladyes therefore,

Let sayth be your shielde with sinne for to strue,

Then lyfe euerlasting you shall atchieue.

In charity and loue my lyfe long I lead,

The poore as my guesstes I dayly did feede:

But sayth he th my ioyes in Iesus Chzist bryde,

Who to his flocke doth watch and take hærde.

He was my comfort in dainger and nørde,

From death and decay, the Lambe set me fræ,

So great was his bounty showane vnto mæ.

A freendly Farewell geuen to  
At Heackney to death my lyfe did I bende  
My soule to my Christ I ther did commit:  
My body to clay did ioyfully wende,  
Where it remaines tyll God thinke it fit,  
My body and soule together to knit.  
Where and in which time before the Judge iust,  
I shall be sanctified such is my trust.

And thus good Ladyes farewell and adew,  
My race is full run, my trauels haue ende:  
As death in this lyfe, my lyfe, did subdew,  
So death vnto you his footesteps will bende.  
Regarde my sayinges, thinke you on your frænde,  
For as I am gon, beleue me you maye,  
You nedes must follow your sustaunce is clay.

*Dixi.*

*FINIS.*

Yours at commaunde (in the Lord)  
*John Phyllips.*

Imprinted at London by Iohn  
Charlewood, dwelling in Bar-  
bycan, at the signe of the halfe  
Eagle and Key.





